

THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

VOL. XVI.....NO. 28

INCREASING MORTALITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to the best information which we can glean, life is gradually but alarmingly deteriorating in the United States.—There are several causes which operate to produce this effect. Of all the elements of human subsistence, air is most immediately and most constantly necessary. We can live more days without food than we can minutes without air. Deprived of food, a man may live eight or ten days; deprived of air, he would be dead in half that number of minutes.

Says Dr. Southwood Smith, physician of the London Fever Hospital: "Deprive an animal of air or confine it to that which has already been respired, and carbon accumulates in the venous blood, carbon mixes with the arterial blood. In half a minute the blood flowing in the arteries is evidently darker; in three quarters of a minute it is of a dusky hue; and in a minute and a half it is quite black. Every particle of arterial blood now disappears, and the whole mass becomes venous; the animal falls down insensible, and in three, or, at most, in four minutes, the heart entirely ceases its action, and can never again be excited." The animal is irreversibly dead.

The importance of this process of the aeration, or decarbonization of the blood, is evinced by the elaborate and beautiful provisions which nature has made for carrying it on. To facilitate this operation the Creator has placed in the breast of each human being a pair of lungs, so interpenetrated with air cells and blood-vessels—estimated at no less than 600,000,000—that according to a late writer they offer an amount of surface on which the blood is exposed to the purifying action of the air, of 2,642 square feet. Through the minute pores of these amazingly wrought lungs, impelled by an unseen power, without our volition, without our thought, without our knowledge, while we sleep as while we wake—from the most distant extremities of the system, rushes the red tide of life—driven by a contractile force in the heart equal to nearly 1000 pounds each minute. By this process, every drop of the thirty pounds of blood in the system is exposed to the purifying action of the air three minutes, and this process is again repeated every succeeding three minutes through life. And thus, in the course of a year, not less than 4,000,000 pounds of blood have been decarbonized, purified, and rendered fit again to carry life and health through the system. And to effect this general purification, 172,000 cubic feet of air have, in the course of the year, been drawn in and expelled by the lungs at more than 9,000,000 of separate respirations.—And by this wonderful process, during the same period of time, the blood has been relieved of no less than 1100 pounds of carbonic acid, one of the most rapid and deadly poisons in nature—these 1100 pounds being capable of poisoning to a degree of immediate fatality, 400,000 or 5,000,000 cubic feet of air. Besides this carbonic acid, there is about an equal amount of effete putrescent fluid and solid animal matter discharged from the lungs and pores of the skin of each adult person; and these substances together amount to about six pounds every twenty-four hours. Both are of a gaseous form and float in the surrounding air.

These substances being poisonous if inhaled, the beneficent Creator has provided in nature for their constant, immediate and entire removal. He has placed man at the bottom of an ocean of air, 45 miles deep, which is perpetually being stirred and whirled about by the winds. He has likewise established a law, by which the air, being raised by contact with the lungs and the surface of the body to a higher temperature than the surrounding atmosphere, shall become lighter and immediately rise above the reach of a second inspiration. He has made the animal and the vegetable kingdoms of nature to counteract the effect of each other—the first absorbing oxygen and giving out carbonic acid, and the second absorbing and feeding upon carbonic acid and giving out pure oxygen in return thus purifying the air and again rendering it fit for the respiration of animals. By these great compensations the equilibrium of nature is kept up, and the life of both the animal and vegetable kingdom preserved. But man, by shutting himself in close rooms, cuts himself off from the operation of those beneficent laws, and prevents the removal of the poisonous products of respiration, for which the Creator has made such beautiful and wise provision in nature.

Our close ceiling prevents the ascent of these impure gaseous exhalations, which are thus retained about us, and breathed and rebreathed, hour after hour, and year after year, and we reap the penalty in a catalogue of diseases and suffering, from which the lower animals, in a natural, or wild state, which breathe the pure air as nature formed it, are entirely free. The effect of a want of ventilation may be judged of from the fact that there are about twenty-eight cubic inches of carbonic acid gas discharged from the lungs of each adult every minute. To produce death it is not necessary that this should be breathed in a pure form. Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Stillman, and indeed, all authorities state that an atmosphere containing only five or six

per cent. or one-eighteenth or twentieth part of its own volume of this gas, will produce immediate death, and that air containing only half this proportion of carbonic acid, will prove fatal in a few hours.

Dr. D. B. Reid, who for fifteen years superintended the ventilation of the House of Parliament, intimated that not less than ten cubic feet of fresh air per minute was necessary for each person, and in the House he provided for a supply of much more than that amount, in some cases sixty cubic feet for each person per minute. In a recent report made to the General Board of Health in England, by a commission of medical and scientific men appointed to examine into the subject and printed by order of the House of Commons, it is recommended that in the rooms of private houses, provision be made for supplying from fifteen to twenty cubic feet of fresh air per minute for each inmate, and for the extraction of an equal amount of vitiated air, by openings at or near the ceiling. Miss Florence Nightingale, in a paper read before the Health Section of the Association of Social Science, at Liverpool last October, said that the introduction of twenty-five cubic feet of fresh air for each person per minute, is necessary for perfect health.

In the United States, within the last half century, an entire change has taken place in the manner of warming our houses, by which not only the quantity of ventilation or change and renewal of air in our rooms has been greatly diminished, but by which the quality of the air, independent of the effect of respiration is directly deteriorated. The universal method of warming our rooms, 60 or 70 years ago, was by large open fire places. With our forefathers, these were often six or seven feet wide and as many high.

In these large wood fires were built, producing a strong and rapid draught up the spacious chimney, and as all the air which was continually drawn up the chimney must be replaced by fresh air from without, rushing in through every crack and cranny, our ancestors without knowing the necessity or even the name of ventilation, enjoyed five times and perhaps ten times as much change and renewal of air in their houses as do their descendants at the present day, with our moderate improvement for economizing fuel.

In an interesting "History of New York from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time," published this year, we are told of the inhabitants of New York a century ago: "Stoves were never dreamed of by the worthy Knickerbocker, but in their stead they had the cheerful fire-place, some times extending almost across the room with its large back-log, and glowing fire of hickory wood. In the evening, the children grouped in the spacious chimney corners, telling stories and cracking nuts by the blazing pine knots." The author tells us that the kitchen fire place was, if possible, still more spacious, being large enough to have allowed of an ox being roasted whole. Dr. C. J. B. Williams, F. R. S., the standard medical author, also speaks of the "roaring pile of wood on the spacious hearth, that supplied abundant ventilation to the houses of our forefathers," and regrets the change to the small-throated grate, and worse still, the close stove of recent times. Indeed, it is within the memory of every person who has attained to the age of 60 or 70 years, when stoves were rarely seen. From that time to the present, their use has been constantly increasing, and every year becoming more close and nearer air-tight, and at the present day we find them almost everywhere.

Stoves produce the least possible amount of ventilation by draught; indeed it is appreciable; hence the air in a room so heated is stagnant, and constantly becomes more and more loaded and poisoned with carbonic acid gas, and the decaying putrescent particles of animal matter, either solid or fluid, which are exhaled from the lungs and skin of each adult person every minute, and mingle with the surrounding air, and which must accumulate more and more, hour after hour, in proportion to the numbers congregated in such room. The air of a perfectly close room, in which half a dozen persons should pass twenty-four hours would, at the end of that time, could the functions of life be properly carried on in such an atmosphere, be found to contain about eighteen pounds of carbonic acid gas and eighteen pounds of effete decaying fluid and solid animal matter. The steam heating apparatus, as generally arranged, affords absolutely no ventilation. The air in such rooms is utterly stagnant, and is breathed and re-breathed with all its accumulation of fetid impurities from the lungs and skin of the inmates. Each person in such rooms is constantly taking into the mouth and down his throat, the old decaying nature is constantly rejecting, and casting out of the living organism of every person in the room, through the pores of the skin and lungs to the amount of three pounds daily. Could we but see these foul excretions in which we live and breathe in such close unventilated rooms, a sense of common decency would constrain us to open our windows; for, as Professor Stillman observes, it is really more filthy to breathe such foul air than it would be to drink the water in which we had washed ourselves

Now it is remarkable to observe how simultaneously, the gradual introduction and use of stoves, and the diminution of life and the increase of mortality in the United States, have advanced together.—Fifty or sixty years ago stoves were not much in use. In all the old houses, which have been built for that length of time, and in many built long since, we find the old open fire-place—but now no longer in use; being either permanently or temporarily closed up, and replaced by a close iron stove, or at best, by a small grate, or else by a furnace. And correspondingly we find, wherever we have the records from which to determine, a deterioration of life and health, regularly progressing with the change in our domestic habits and arrangements. Thus we have seen the average age at which death takes place, has, within the last half century, diminished from six to nine years; that in Philadelphia and New York, the age at which half the deaths occur, has receded within the same period, from twenty-four years to less than five years.

And that the rate per cent. of Infant Mortality in Boston nearly doubled in twenty years, and in New York City actually trebled in forty seven years; the deaths of children under five years of age in 100,000 inhabitants of all ages, having regularly increased from 689, in the year 1810, to 2,094 in an equal population in the year 1857. Says Dr. Simon, now the able and honored Medical officer of the General Board of Health, of England: "I am acquainted with no corrector criterion for estimating the sanitary condition of a district than is afforded by the death rate of its infant population. Inasmuch as the few days of those wretched children passed within doors, so then high mortality constitutes the readiest and least fallacious evidence of the unwholesomeness of the dwellings in which they live."

From the Charleston Courier.

SAVE HIM.

The following thoughts were suggested by reading a proposal for an "Inebriate's Asylum"—a scheme of noble benevolence that has been considered in many cities:

Oh! save him—that poor young man! You may save him—he can never save himself, for he is sold, eye sold; all his clear intellect and lofty endeavors; all his proud birthright of manly independence, noble, unflinching purpose and fearless self-reliance, sold to "the worm of the soil."

"Nothing to you—only a stranger—impertinent interference?" Nothing to you? What, for, then, did Providence place him in your path? Father of that bright-eyed boy, mother of that fair haired girl, he had a father, a mother once; save him as you would save that boy from a drunkard's grave, that girl from the untold miseries of a drunkard's wife.

Man of God, pass not by on the other side. Man of Science, is he "nothing to you?" Think how you wrestle with the destroying angel for his victim; how you battle, inch by inch, with the very foot in the grave, for his prey. Can you do nothing here? Is there no antidote for the fang of that viper, that "sting like a serpent and lieth like an adder?" Must it be alone forever, to creep and coil into the soul "without let or hindrance?"

Christian man, Christian woman, is he nothing to you? Save him—he is worth saving—God made him in his image; Christ died to redeem him, and shall you abandon him? You!

"Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled on the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

Fearfully sullied and dim, are the shattered debris of that image of the Almighty, but there is hope of him still. He has struggled—manfully once—he will struggle again and again, feebly and more fitly, for the coil of the serpent is around, the spell of the sorcerer upon him, and the strength of his iron will is gone; but yours is unbroken. Go to that respectable dealer, go in more than the strength of a high heart and unfaltering purpose, and wrestle with him as you would for your own life and soul. His victim has not yet wallowed in the filth of a vulgar "hell," or if he has follow him even there—"while there is life there is hope." Heed not his angry frowns or sneering lips, his ribald jest or stinging sarcasm, his own or his destroyer's mocking taunts, at your officiousness.—"He will not listen." No! Manhood's curse, and let the ransomed go free, if man's prayers are alike naught to him; but gold, show him gold! it is his god; before it he bows every impulse of his being—human souls are as dust in the balance.

Man of means, buy him off but for one month—one year—it may save him.—Rescue him at all hazards, at any cost—save him for time, save him for eternity. LOUISE L. M. J.

It is a waste of material to put five dollars' worth of beaver on ten cents' worth of brains.

"Pa, no ships have legs!"

"No my dear. Why do you ask?"
"Because the papers say a ship is going to run from Boston to Liverpool."

POETRY.

KEEP TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.
Speak not your troubles over loud,
Lest the world should hear:
Bow not your head before the crowd,
In public shed no tear.
Strangers from a heartless seat,
Too apt to worship self;
So, if you wish to gain respect,
Keep troubles to yourself.

The wise will never own defeat,
Though hope be almost dead;
But, smiling, all disasters meet,
With proud defiant head;
Even with a ready jest,
In darkest time of woe,
Striving, struggling for the best,
Midst tears that none shall know.

The fool who tells of his distress,
Hurries on disaster,
And tempts the sordid one to press
His owing claims the faster;
Till down beneath he slowly goes,
Mourning still the sadder,
Beet by coward, heartless blows,
To fall him from the ladder.

Be ever cheerful to the crowd,
And bide no creakers near you;
Be courteous, yet cold and proud,
And fools will learn to fear you;
Thus, manfully, ever lay
Your doubting on the shelf,
And ever from the light of day,
Keep troubles to yourself.

HABITS OF THE JAKOONS.

The Boston Traveller contains a letter from Shanghai, giving an account of the habits of Jakoons, a barbarous people who inhabit the interior of Malacca. Their language and features are unlike those of the Malays proper, of whom they are also politically independent. They have no history, having been found by the early Portuguese voyagers in the country in which they still reside. They are called Orang-Benuar, or 'men of the great country'; the Orang Ubi, 'men of the forests'; the Orang Semang, or 'black men'; the Jakoons and the Kaiats. Orang is the Malay name for man; and Utan or Utan, for forests, whence the word 'common' with us, ouran outang, or wild men, if men they may be called, when common opinion has assigned them a rank hardly above monkeys and baboons. They generally live in houses built of bamboo sticks, and suspended to the top of lofty trees to which they ascend by rude ladders. These cabins, suspended to the tree-tops, are so narrow that a stranger cannot be admitted without annoyance to the member of the family or his exclusion; for one must go down when a new one comes up. Others who have no taste for these aerial abodes—nests, not for birds, but for men—construct huts, raised two or three feet above the ground. The first story serves for lodging, where they eat and sleep by the side of a fire always kept brightly burning, in order to frighten away the tigers and other wild beasts which fill the forests. In the second story they put their arms for safety, their provisions and kitchen utensils, all of which are comprised in pikes, in earthen pots, and one or two great China bowls. They eat whatever comes to hand, as wild boars, apes and birds, which last are taken either in snares or shot by arrows, and the roots and tubers which the earth produces in abundance. If they plant rice it is only enough to meet their absolute wants. Instead of regular labor, they prefer the fatiguing adventures of the chase and running among the woods. Their cuisine is of the lowest order, their favorite dish being slices of meat half cooked, and still reeking with blood. Their weddings are preceded by a most singular and ludicrous ceremony. An old man presents the future husband and wife to a large assemblage of invited guests whom it conducts, followed by their respective families, into a grand circle, around which the young lady, the bride, sets out running upon all fours; and the young man, who is the bridegroom, in the same style after her. If he succeeds in overtaking her, she becomes his wife; if not he forfeits all his rights, and 'love's labor is lost.' This often happens when the bridegroom fails of pleasing the young lady, who endeavors to escape from the embraces of a distasteful or odious husband by beating him in this queer trotting match. Upon the death of one of their number, they wrap his body in a white winding sheet, and then deposit it in a grave dug near his hut, sometimes in an erect position, sometimes sitting and sometimes lying down. They are careful to put a lance at his side, a 'parang,' and a 'sumpitan' their instruments of hunting and of war, but never use any religious ceremony.—Still, these weapons placed by the side of the corpse indicate a shadowy belief in a future existence. Their religion is a confused mass of the grossest superstitions, propagated by the *payans*, a kind of priests, who are half physicians and half jugglers. Their magical science is in great esteem with the Malays. The singular kind of life they lead, the peculiarity of their costume and the long intervals of their appearance among the people, secure for them a certain prestige and respect. Seen from afar, and through a mysterious veil, they pass for beings endowed with supernatural power, to whom the plants and roots of the forests have revealed their most secret virtues. In a word, they are

believed to hold in their hands the power of conferring health or inflicting death. In accordance with this belief, the Malays are careful not to provoke their ill-will. Naturally, the Jakoons are of an open and ingenuous disposition, and withal inclined to gaiety.

To the appearances of timidity they join the independence of a life without control, spent in the midst of thick forests and everlasting verdure. Respectful without being servile, in conversation they use an abrupt and violent tone of voice, which strongly contrasts with their habitual gentleness and modesty. The love strong liquor, and get intoxicated whenever the hour of an opportunity. It is honorable to the zeal of the Catholic priests, that they have a missionary, who, notwithstanding the low rank of these people in the scale of humanity, the wide territory over which they are scattered, and the thick forests which it is necessary to penetrate to reach them, and the absence of all roads, which ferocious wild beasts are thick at every step, is laboring among them, and makes his home with them. Such are the people in whom originated the idea and the stories of the *auran-outang*—the man of the forests.

DYING.

It steals upon us unawares, this thought of dying. It does not wait for the welcome, which we never give it, but enters in unbidden. We put it far away—indeed we can hardly realize that it will ever come to us, in its last reality—yet the shadow floats back and we cannot banish it. Not in Autumn only, when nature dies, but in the vernal Spring, when the hours are young and exuberant with gladness—a voice unknown and wonderful, appeals to the inner sense and whispers of dying. In the fiery mart, amid the reeking fumes rolling so fiercely together, we meet a funeral sometimes; and then, for a moment, think of the low, mute house to which all these travelers are hastening; and of the 'undiscovered country' lying just the other side of its door. Xerxes, gazing upon the serried ranks of men before him, weeping that in one hundred years that palpitating mass of life would be only dust, obeyed a natural impulse of the heart. Through all our years we walk in the shadow of a great mystery—it is not strange that sometimes we pause, and wonder, and fear.

The years, in their flight, bear away the bloom and freshness of our morning. The hilarious spring cannot always renew the youth in our hearts. With all she brings us, we feel that there is less of life in our veins than there was last year. Serene may have been our morning, dazzling our noon—yet we can but think of the night as we draw toward it. It is well, as we should forget to look up to the light of the after morning.

This thought of dying will not be eluded. It comes in the hour of triumph; amid the din of business—amid the fever of ambition, and then we feel the vanity of human effort, and of human wishes. Sometimes disease seizes us, carries us down to the brink of the dark river, and leaves us there. Then we find that Time and Eternity have changed places. Eternity hangs over us, stark, certain, awfully defined. It is no longer a fable. Life has receded. After back we see the slaving multitudes of the world.

Were we ever one of that mad crowd? Did we ever chase such phantoms? Were we ever filled with the impetuous eagerness which impels each competitor for an earthly prize? We pray for life that we may teach the living how to live; sometimes the prayer is granted. We come back to the world—again Eternity rolls back—again the soul sinks into vassalage.

But in our living hours—in the calm of the night watch—when the cares which devoured the day have taken wings and departed; when the burden of life seems to roll from our hearts at the feet of night, and we feel our nature growing larger—then comes this thought of dying. In its light, motives are analyzed, and despoiled. Purposes are weighed and found wanting; desires are rejected, actions bitterly condemned. Remorse, perhaps, stalks in the hushed corridors of the soul. Holy aspirations steal into the heart, like breathings from a diviner world. You wonder how you have lived a sordid and selfish life. You remember your mother's prayers. You are not ashamed again to be a child. 'I will live a nobler life to-morrow! I will live nobler always! I will obey God in my soul!' you say. Do you keep the vow? When the turbid wave of daily life settles back upon your soul, do you remember?

M. C. A.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors keep to the floor until it has become heated.

"EYES OPEN."

"Our minister said in his sermon last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry goods merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantle of porcelain and marble, on Monday "that he who wanted to do good must keep a constant look out for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to the hands; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the apostles did, with 'eyes open'; looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and oppressed."

"Now, I am certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantle, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to rest at night; and I'll keep my 'eyes open' to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman who had come for the clothes.

"I wish Mrs. Sims," said she, as she heaped up the soiled linen in a basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try ma'm," said the washerwoman; "I've got behind a good deal since Sammy had the whooping cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough?" "Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last, April, ma'm."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady.—"Look here, Mrs. Sims, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner! Tom's out-grown them since last winter, but they are almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting in her dim eyes; "I haven't any words to thank you, or tell what a treasure they'll be. Why they'll keep the little fellow as warm as toast all this winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to market—for she was a notable housekeeper—when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was in a hurry, and would have passed him with a cordial but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy?—do come and see us, had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked: "Is there anything the matter with you, Joseph? you do not look as happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, with a half doubting half confiding expression, into the lady's face—the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, so I've lost my place; then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind Joseph. I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened up. "Oh! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach."

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who she learned was ill with the fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning wearily on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "good news! good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary and a place at two dollars a week!"

Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library absorbed in some new-book when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every day matter-of-fact existence; but her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and, remembering the resolutions of the morning, she threw down her book and ran down stairs.

"Hear, dear," said the soft voice of the wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm any wise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it; and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, then her husband drew her to his heart with all the old love's tenderness.

And there was music in Mr. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music to the words "Eyes open! Eyes open!"

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD FARMER? If the Disposer of human events should permit this world to stand a thousand years longer, the time will surely come when every man who tills the earth will be compelled to be a good farmer or starve to death. This is a strong expression, but as true as it is strong. Old fogysm may continue to denounce those who labor to improve the agriculture of the South; but the time will come when their posterity will see their stupid folly, and be forced to improve the soil which their ancestors butchered.—The day has already come with England, France, Germany and Ireland, where agriculturists are compelled from true necessity to study their profession, and improve their systems of farming economy, to an extent limited only by their power to do so. If they were to pursue the course that planters of the South are now pursuing, in less than twenty years, they would either starve to death, or be forced to leave "their own, their native land."

But the question arises, what is a 'good farmer?' There is much diversity of opinion on this question. Sometimes the men who run over the most land per hand, and drag out of the soil the most money, regardless of the wear and tear of land, and team and force, are called good farmers, yea, the best farmers. But that is not true! I admit it not. To do so would be equivalent to admitting that the doctor who made the most money, regardless of the lives he destroyed, was the best doctor. The one would be about as true as the other—both are utterly false.

A 'good farmer,' according to the best and most intelligent agriculturist of the South, is the man who improves his land, and the appearance of his place, improves his stock and takes care of his force. And I think this definition of the term is correct. No man, however intelligent on other subjects, no matter how much money he may be making for the time-being, should be considered a 'good farmer, in the strict sense of that term, who grossly neglects the improvement of his soil and force and stock. No man who cultivates the hills and permits his fields to wash into yawning gullies, and turns them out for his children to reclaim, at the cost of much labor and expense, or leave their old homes, or starve, is to any extent, whatever, a good farmer. No man who denounces agricultural improvement, and agricultural journals, totes corn in one end of his sack, and a rock in the other end to balance it because his 'daddy' done it, can possibly be a 'good farmer.'

A Slanderer of North Carolina.—Traveling on the cars from O—to M—not long since, in the night, we happened to get into the same box with an individual answering to the name of 'Bat'; and his description of 'Norfolk Kerline,' her manners, customs, gave the listener anything but a favorable impression of the tar and turpentine State, thus:

"Why, gentlemen, a dog with a long tail in North Carolina would be as great a show as a nigger with three heads!" "Why so?" asked several.

"They cut 'em off to prevent them knocking off the huckleberries when they are chasing fowls and rabbits that run through the woods."

"Phew! I came from a listener. Fnet, certain as rain; and you never see a man or boy there with buttons on his pants!"

"What then?" asked one.

"Pegs," replied the ever imperturbable Bat. "Wear buttons all off climbing after persimmons."

"Go it, Bat," cheered an acquaintance, "And I'll tell you another thing," he continued: "they have to bell the little niggers there, just as we do calves."

"What for?"

"So their owners can tell which gopher hole they're in!" A general scream followed this—the engine, equalled and we all jumped off at M.—

I wish men would remember that God made the gentler sex as well as themselves, a little lower than the angels, and women have an earthly work to do as well as their men.